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GAR SQUARE.

# DOES NOT MEAN RAPID TRANSIT.

Mr. JAY GOULD is reported as having been very willing yesterday to talk to the Rapid Transit Commissioners, before whom he unfolded his proposed scheme of Elevated Railway extensions. This readiness of speech is not to be wondered at, since the eagerness of the plan set forth by Mr. GOULD can best be hidden in a multiplicity of words. Stripped of the glowing detail which readily and naturally entered the mind of the man who controls the monopoly which the success of his scheme would so vastly enlarge, the Gould plan is the barest sort of an attempted grab, bold in conception, even for a corporation constantly and successfully daring so much.

Even the proposed broadening of the old Elevated system into a three-track road, thus completing the ruin of streets already seriously marred, is an idea that should not be entertained for a moment, and the further sacrifice of business and residence thoroughfares of the town is still less to be thought of. Imagine Broadway, above Thirty-third street, disfigured by the unsightly iron framework of the Elevated road. Picture the Boulevard of beauty, dignity and much of its use as our finest city driveway by the same nuisance.

These things are proposed in the Gould plan, along with extensions of the Elevated road through Centre, Canal and West streets. They alone would mark the scheme as one to be stamped with the immediate disapproval of the Commission. But beyond all, the scheme carries with it should be its own death blow in the fact that, far from being a solution of the Rapid Transit problem, it would be a block to all real Rapid Transit progress for years to come. This it would come to be through its preoccupation of possible routes and the establishment of an opposition of unlimited money power against any later plans which might bear the real germ of Rapid Transit.

The Gould plan will not do. It does not mean Rapid Transit. It cannot meet too soon the rejection of the Commission.

# HOW WILL THEY OPEN IT?

The Trustees of the Metropolitan Art Museum are said to be willing to open that treasure-house on Sundays provided the money which such a step calls for were provided.

Certain persons have therefore endeavored to raise the sum required—\$4,000—and have secured \$1,500. The World, which has always steadily advocated the Sunday opening, in order to hasten this desirable benefit to the people, offers to contribute the \$2,500 needed to complete the \$4,000, that there may not be the delay of collecting it from individual subscriptions.

This step is in keeping with the earnest purpose The World has always shown in this matter. The Trustees can now accept the money and open the Museum on Sunday. The people have waited too long for this favor, and the sooner they get it the better. The World is only too happy to help in this result as much as possible, and sincerely hopes it may soon be obtained.

Wolf's Creek is a small but lively place in the Tennessee Mountains. It is a nest of "moonshiners" to begin with, so that the spirits of the inhabitants find no lack of lubricating fluid with which to whet their feelings. An old man of seventy years, three weeks after his wife was laid to rest, espoused a buxom lass of seventeen. The bridegroom's three daughters got their stepmother out in the woods and lashed her so that she shortly after died from the effect. Now there is much violent feeling over the matter in Wolf's Creek, most of the community sympathizing with the girls. Two or three men have already been shot, and the Sheriff is out gunning with a force. Wolf's Creek may be in an insignificant place, but it is not dead.

Up in Kingston they seem a trifle too punctilious. A man seriously ill with the grip was taken to the City Almshouse by the order of a physician who had been called in. He was refused admission without the commitment of a city physician. The Mayor then ordered that the sick man should be received, but the Almshouse dignitary also denied his jurisdiction. By the time the order he insisted on could be obtained the man was too weak to be removed again. Couldn't something be done to the Almshouse man to teach him that common sense and decency are sometimes better than red tape?

Love is mighty and will prevail, as well as truth. A boy of thirteen was found concealed in an armory with a five-chambered pistol on his person. Every chamber was loaded. He admitted when arrested and taken before the Judge that he was waiting for a rival, who had alienated the affections of his lady love, and that he meant "to do him, sure." Warm-hearted child! "Love will find the way." The youngster is an Italian, too, for this cold region.

man is making an extended tour and is at present in Japan. A fanatical Jap tried to kill the young ROMANOFF with a sword, but was happily prevented. The assault seems to have been through pure personal "cussedness," and the Japanese Court has shown the utmost regret for the occurrence. Still, the Czarevitch will probably not have very kindly feelings towards Japan for some time. It is taking time for the forelock to kill the young man now.

A Providence man who was drawn as a juror tried to escape serving by presenting a physician's statement that his health would not permit of it. When this failed to exempt him he was so convinced that the confinement would injure him that he went out and drowned himself. There is no doubt but that one way to escape sickness is to die, but drowning oneself to avoid possible injury to health from jury-serving seems to show too much forethought altogether.

Gen. BURDET, of Iowa, tells the Harlem Republican Club that New York has too many Democratic newspapers. According to the Republican idea, it has also far too many Democrats.

Silence may be golden, but the Montgomery County, Pennsylvania, man and wife who have lived together fifteen years without speaking are overburdened with that sort of wealth.

Ex-President CLEVELAND did not mind his words at Buffalo. "Public extravagance is a deadly, dangerous thing," said he, pointing his sentence at the late Billion Dollar Congress.

Every time there's an earthquake the scientists feel old Mother Earth's pulse. And now they're to test her temperature through a deep well in West Virginia.

No three-track L roads—no L road in Broadway—no L road in the Boulevard—no further marring of city thoroughfares to the destruction of real Rapid Transit.

The tunnel light and ventilation law is enacted. Now let the Railroad Commissioners do their act promptly and well.

Hasting is to go out at Princeton by recitation of the new Sophomore Class. The college world does move.

The way to get clean streets is to clean them. Had this idea ever permeated Mr. BEATTY'S Department?

One dread National crisis is averted. The Delaware peach crop is safe.

More L road would be a block to more Rapid Transit.

Open the Museum of Art on Sunday.

# SPOTLIGHTS.

When a train comes to grief through a "switch," the switching ought not to stop there.

"Furt Bismarck" ought to "count" for something, even if she doesn't live fully to her name.

A Paasha of Three Tails is not in with Rudyard Kipling.

He's so afraid he won't offend his boss as he confesses his sins to his superior.

Russell Harrison rattles in a dry sea in the pod in the tripod, as it were.

Wade street, Cincinnati, was well named for one who the cleaning women could attack.

When the man who deals in dye stuffs falls it is a dyer disaster.

If the Street Commissioners were not content with letting the streets do all the dusting, they would "dust" themselves.

Much fruit cannot be expected from an unsteady factory Colonel.

# WORLDLINGS.

All of the Southern States except Kentucky have made provision for penning disabled veterans of the Confederacy. In Georgia three old soldiers receive from \$1 to \$25 a month each, according to the seriousness of their disabilities.

A. M. Hran, of Greenburg, Pa., has a portrait of Gen. Grant that he prizes very highly. It was painted from life by an artist who afterwards was forced to part with it because of poverty. Mr. Hran has been offered a handsome sum for the picture, but refuses to part with it.

Mrs. Jennie June Gray is a little woman of slender figure. Her hair is brown, with a few strands of white in it. Mrs. Gray is a pleasant talker and an amiable and interesting woman.

The old mahogany bed that stood for many years in the Presidential chamber of the White House has given way to two small brass beds, which have been put there during President Harrison's occupancy of the house.

The theatre at Savannah, Ga., is said to be the oldest play-house in the United States. It was built in 1816, on a solid rock foundation, with walls that are four feet thick.

# Something Wrong With Him.

Who is that tall-witted looking fellow over there?

"He's the greatest curiosity in the museum. He is an architect who designed a house that was built for waste as it would cost."

# Theory and Practice.

From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly. Manhattanite Editor—Shooting accident in the city this morning. A house collapsed—two people killed.

Minneapolis Editor—Oh, well, nobody cares. The outside is over now.

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# Do You Need Furniture?

Geo. C. Flint Co., West 14th St., are closing out many styles at great bargains.



THE PATENT TOWEL-RACK MAN.



"Roller makes thirteen revolutions for every pull on the towel—no mops—no bugs—nothing to get out of order any more than as if it was a metronome in a country town! Only two shillings for a Seek-No-Further kitchen towel-rack, covered by patents all over the United States, and warranted to be free of knots, holes and work without noise!"

That was the burden of the patent towel-rack man's song as I overtook him in Twelfth street yesterday afternoon. Just before I came up a woman ran out of a basement and accosted him with:

"Is it two shillings a quart for your strawberry berries, and were they grown this year?"

"I'm not selling strawberries, ma'am," he replied, as he leaned on the fence, "but am the inventor, patentee and sole proprietor of the Seek-No-Further roller towel-rack. A specimen of which I have here to show you."

"Go along with yer patent!" she growled, as she made a dive for the basement door.

"Only needs one nail to hang it up, ma'am, and saves you a quarter of a yard on every towel you buy. Truth crushed to Earth Will Bud Up Again," and on these panels at the end you can paint in some scenes from the destruction of Pompeii or the fall of Rome."

"And does it wash the dishes and head the children to sleep?" she asked, her head out of the door.

"She don't, ma'am—she don't. I could tell you that she did and thereby make a sale, but I am no deceiver. It's only a towel rack, ma'am—just to hang a towel on and save stepping on it as you walk around the kitchen. Until I put up one in my own kitchen our towel used to turn up down cellar, upstairs and out in the corn crib, and half the time I had to wipe my face on the window curtains. Saves you time, money."

But she banged the door and left him standing there, and I approached and asked:

"Well, how goes the invention?"

"Oh! It's a you ain't. Howdy! I'm a workin' like a red cow in a cabbage garden, but the people don't seem to take hold. I'll have to give 'em time, however. It's a new thing, and it's got to be talked up. I was almost discouraged yesterday, but I happened to think of the fellow who came to Huckleberry Paines last winter, and I made up my mind to hold on. A fellow came there with a patent washboard, and he talked and bungled and sat around for ninety-two days, and he finally sold one to Elder Spooner for 50 cents—half cash and half store trade at Squar' Finback's undertaking shop."

"I thought your rack would go like hot cakes," I said, wishing to encourage him.

"So did I; but it's a new idea, you see. People is so used to bangin' the kitchen towel on the door-knob, the stove-handle or the table-leg that this rack strikes 'em queer. I went into a tavern down here on Broadway and tried to talk to 'em, but they couldn't git the idea. Says I to the fellow behind the counter:

"'Mornin', naybur. Do you use any towels in this tavern, or does the folks stans out in the sun to dry their faces, same as Elder Spooner makes his hired man do? If you kin find a place to put a towel, I'll be glad to give you two of my Seek-No-Further patent roller towel-racks I'll be-hanged if I don't make the pair 45 cents!"

"And didn't he buy 'em?" I asked.

"No. He turned me plump outdoors, same as Squar' Finback did old Johnson when he came to spark his oldest gal. I found out the reason, though. He thought I might be related to the man who sold him a thousand taller candles without any wicks to 'em. I figured by the size of the tavern that they must use at least twenty towels a day there."

"What do the women have to say about your patent?"

"Strikes 'em favorably, mostly, but they want time to think it over—same as 'Rastus Sanford did when one of Uncle Beecher's gals offered to settle a breach of promise suit for 'leven dollars and two burlubs of elegant peach. Says! Some of these folks here don't seem to encourage trade much."

"How do you mean?"

"Why, I went into a store on Fourteenth street and asked 'em if I could sit down and eat some crackers and cheese and 'herin', and then run me out. I might have bought some caller for mother if they had been civil, but now I'll see 'em go to the poorhouse first! You orter see Jim Thomas, our storekeeper at Huckleberry Paines! Why, Jim has free feed for farmers' horses, keeps a jug of older at the cellar stairs, and I've known him to buy a calfskin with rips in it and pay full price, just to keep a customer good-natured!"

"Well, are you going to keep up canvassing?" I asked.

"Sartin. I've sent on to Sillas to send me \$7 more in a letter, and I'm goin' to introduce this patent roller towel-rack in New York if it costs me the price of a yoke of steers. Makes thirteen revolutions to a pull, and saves a tenpenny nail and a quarter of a yard of towelling. Sunthin' every respectable fam'ly wants, and she'll fly like a speckled pullet when she once gets started."

# Heave Ho!

From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly. Night Tag—We had amateur theatricals one night on the cleaner, coming over.

De Jap—Were they successful?

De Tag—Well, so; in the middle of the play the steamer gave a lurch, and all the actors ran to the rail and threw up their pants.

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# Do You Need Furniture?

Geo. C. Flint Co., West 14th St., are closing out many styles at great bargains.

# BUY OF THE BOYS.

Do You Want Brushes for Your Spring House-Cleaning?

Nell Nelson Tells About the Children's Aid Society Workshop.

Crippled Boys Whose Living Depends on the Sale of Their Skill.

This is cleaning time. Everything in and about the house needs airing and dusting. Closets and trunks, cabinets and chests to be turned inside out; rugs, draperies and carpets need beating and brushing; shelves and walls must be wiped; windows cleaned; woodwork scrubbed; brass, silver and nickel trimmings polished, and the wardrobe, wrap, dress and garment in the every hat renovated to dislodge the dust and dirt from which so many germs of disease are developed.

To do this annual scouring and tidying up you must provide yourself with a set of brushes. You cannot do without them. Three may answer, but there is work for a dozen.

The scrubbing brush, clothes brush and dust brush are absolutely indispensable. Then you must have a brush to polish the register, to shine up the fender and make the rug bright. After the silverware and gas brackets are brightened you will need a soft brush to remove the whitening that a cloth cannot dislodge, and in cleaning the walls and ceilings there is no substitute for a long-handled bristle broom.

To attempt to clean windows without a brush is rash, especially in the upper stories of a building.

If there are stone steps to clean, a hand brush of bear's bristle will accelerate the work, which can also be used to scour the bath tub, clean the sink and the tops of stationary basins.

The wire-stem brushes for cleaning lamp chimneys, cruet and small-necked pitchers are fully appreciated by every able housewife; and last, but not the least in importance, are the flesh brushes, one to scrub and the other to dry the body, which every member of the household should own.

It will be seen from this list that a stock of ten brushes will be needed in each family, exclusive of the toilet brushes for hats, bonnets, silk, velvet and cloth, hair, nails and teeth, together with feather dusters, whisk brooms and sweepers.

Now, there is one factory in this city where all house brushes are made by little crippled boys.

This institution, while an auxiliary of the Children's Aid Society, is dependent on the public for support. There is no reserve fund to draw from, no wealthy Board of Managers to balance accounts at the end of the year and but very few patrons.

The shop is governed by the rules and regulations approved by the labor unions, so that the poor little fellows who are so badly handicapped by nature receive the full market value of labor for whatever work they do.

Their interests are represented by the boss of the shop, who is also their teacher, and who buys the raw material at the lowest rates possible.

Here his influence end, for the responsibilities of the teacher prevent him from finding a market for their wares.

Not long ago an article descriptive of the crippled boys' brush shop appeared in the columns of THE EVENING WORLD. The boys, although many of them are almost helpless, baring the use of their hands, do not want charity.

They are brave, proud and manly. They are willing to work and anxious to be perfectly independent of the society. What they do want is custom, patronage, trade.

They want a market for the fruits of their labor. They have no feet, no legs and but little muscular strength. They cannot go to you. They beg, oh, so timidly, modestly and wistfully that you, kind-hearted housewives and business men, will come to them or send to them whenever you need a brush.

They assure you, as honest, upright laborers, that the brushes are as well made and as low in price as any in the market.

The following letter from the Superintendent explains itself:

New York, April 26, 1891.

Your report of the "crippled boys' brush

shop" (if intended to help crippled boys) was certainly a success. We have to enlarge our shop to accommodate all that have applied, but there are six more waiting. Now if you can interest the people that use brushes to come and see our boys at work and buy brushes here we will employ every cripple that desires employment.

Of course, we can only succeed if assisted by those who wish to help make cripples self-supporting.

Wm. H. MATTHEW, Superintendent.

These little boys must be helped. The six who are waiting for admission to the shop—waiting for a chance to work—must be provided with employment. You need at least three new brushes. Why not go to the shop, corner of East Forty-fourth street and Second avenue, for them?

They will not cost you a penny more than you would have to pay in a grocery shop. If you can't go yourself, if you are too busy, send your little boy. It will be a good lesson for him. Let him see these poor little fellows, maimed, disabled and crippled as they all are, friendless and alone in this great city, trying bravely to make a living for themselves.

Let him know by contrast how very, very good fortune has been to him, and if he does not sacrifice the promised pleasure of a ball or bat and invest his savings to encourage these hapless brothers then he is miserly, selfish and little—in short, a pettifogger.

It is not fair to call names, but only a pettifogger could resist the claims these unfortunate children have on the able-bodied men and women of society. Why, some of them are so distorted by spinal disease that they have to be propped up on a pyramid of stools to reach the work table. And do you know how they get there? Boosted up on the shoulder of a companion, whose hands and arms are his only means of locomotion.

Some of the boys have been in the shop four years, but they are the exception. The majority come and go; some disappear and are never heard of again; many of them get too weak even to be lifted up to the bench, and are sent to the hospital and later to unmarked graves.

The new-comers who take their places have and histories, but little else. They have suffered all the agony human nature can endure and live—they have been mangled or run over by the train, discharged from the hospital or poorhouse, and abandoned by parents and friends.

Many of them, like poor Oliver Twist, have been pensioners of charity, and to escape abuse and ill-treatment, are refugees from neighboring States. All the lives are pitiful and all the boys are worthy of encouragement and support.

As before stated, they do not want alms, and are not beggars. They live in the lodging-house, paying 15 cents a day for accommodations. When work is brisk some of them make \$5 a week at their trade, but the majority are weak and content to earn 15.

If you care to help these disabled heroes to help themselves, buy their brushes. A catalogue of prices will be mailed on request of stamp, and the Society will fill orders, by mail, for one or one thousand brushes.

Some business firms do patronize the boys, so do a few of the charitable institutions in New York, but if it were not for the patronage of the Mount Sinai Hospital the little brushmakers would be in despair.

This is the season for housecleaning, and if you need brushes—wire, bear, hog or camel bristle—do give the boys in the Forty-fourth street shop a chance to serve you a chance to live.

No occupations in the industrial world are open to them. Employers will not take them. But it is in your power to aid and help them, to stimulate and cheer them, to make them very happy.

NELL NELSON.

# Inducements to Trade.

From Jack.

Farmer Watstone—What do you give with a cash order?

Mr. Bartier—A receipted bill.

# Sarcasm.

From Bunsey's Weekly.

Lucy (the artist)—Music is rather a selfish pursuit. It's so tedious to have to listen to some one else's playing. Now art is different.

Maud (the cynic)—Entirely! It's so perfectly tedious to have to look at some one else's drawings.

# An Incentive.

From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly. Customer—This is a very nice coat; but it seems awfully loose.

Clive—So it is. But just think what an incentive it offers for you to eat more, so as to grow to fit it.

# Promising.

From Smith, Gray & Co.'s Monthly. First Lady (on sofa)—Miss Slimwaist has made quite a catch.

Second Lady (with longnosed)—Yes; he is a very promising young man. He was engaged to me last year.

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